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RICHARD THE THIRD.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE THIRD QUARTO,

1602,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

LONDON:

PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,

HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

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43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

---

1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.
1. Hamlet. 1603. Q1.
2. Hamlet. 1604. Q2.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q1.
6. Merry Wives. 1602. Q1.
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q1. (Roberts.)
8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q1.
9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q1.
10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q1.
11. Richard III. 1597. Q1.
12. Venus and Adonis. 1593. Q1.
13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. Q1.
17. Richard II. 1597. Q1. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (*on stone.*)

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. Q1.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q1.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q2. (Heyes.)
18. Richard II. 1597. Q1. Mr. Huth's copy. (*on stone.*)
19. Richard II. 1608. Q3. (*on stone.*)
20. Richard II. 1634. Q5.
21. Pericles. 1609. Q1.
22. Pericles. 1609. Q2.
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q3. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.).
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q3. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.).
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q1.
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q2.
27. Henry V. 1600. Q1.
28. Henry V. 1608. Q2.
29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q1.
30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. Q1.
31. Othello. 1622. Q1.
32. Othello. 1630. Q2.
33. King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter, *Pide Bull.*)
34. King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.)
35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q1.
36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated.
37. Contention. 1594. (For 2 Henry VI.)
38. True Tragedy. 1595. (For 3 Henry VI.)
39. The Famous Victories of Henry V. 1598. Q1.
40. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part I. 1591. Q1. (*In progress.*)
41. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part II. 1591. Q1. (*In progress.*)
42. Richard III. 1602. Q3.
43. Richard III. 1622. Q6. (*on stone.*)

F. J. Furnivall

[*Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No.* 42.]

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RICHARD III.

Qo. 3, 1602.

In the Introduction to the Facsimile of Q1, 1597, I dealt with the question of the relationship of the quarto and folio versions of this play, the remarkable variations of which undoubtedly present one of the most difficult of all Shakespearian problems.

A main point in my argument was that to Q6, 1622, was due the part-parentage of the folio text; that Quarto, not Q3, having, in my opinion, been used in preparing the folio text for the press.

So many nice questions, especially from the editorial point of view, depend on the acceptance or rejection of this theory of mine, and possession of the rival texts is so indispensably necessary for its thorough and leisurely examination, that it has been deemed advisable to add Qos. 3 and 6 to our list of Facsimiles, notwithstanding that in point of authority and correctness they are both far inferior to the Q1 already issued.

The first of these texts, Q3, is now given, done from the copy in the British Museum (Press mark c. 34, k. 48): the second, Q6, is in progress, and to this latter text I propose to prefix any further remarks I may have to make on the subject, should it seem necessary, on final review of the two texts, to modify or supplement the opinions set forth in the Introduction to Q1 above referred to.

The Acts, Scenes, and lines of this facsimile are of course, as in Q1, numbered in accordance with the Globe edition, and a caret [<] marks the places where in the Folio additional lines are found; no other markings have been deemed necessary; but in the forthcoming Q6 all lines containing any variations from this text will be marked with a dagger [†].

P. A. Daniel.

13th February, 1888.

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THE TRAGEDIE of King Richard the third.

Conteining his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

Newly augmented,

By *William Shakespeare.*

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602.

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Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus. I.i.

NOw is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried. 4
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changd to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull measures. 8
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothde his wringled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimblie in a Ladies chamber, 12
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Loue.
But I that am not shapte for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues maiestie 16
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faine proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace 24
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer 28
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous, 32

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By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other.
36 And if king Edward be as true and iust
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a prophesie which saies that G.
40 Of Edwards heires the murtherer shall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
44 *Cla.* His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
48 He should for that commit your godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?
52 *Cla.* Yea Richard when I know, for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
56 And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
60 These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
64 My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That temps him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
68 That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe. *Cla.*

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Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is ſecurde
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds, 72
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shore:
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie, 76
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men and weare her liuery. 80
The ielous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your Graces both to pardō me: 84
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euē ſo & pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury, 88
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not ielous. 92
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this? 96
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore, I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone. 100
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare 104
Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in, 108
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,

I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
112 Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shal not be long,
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
116 *Cla.* I must perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
120 If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?
Enter Lord Hastings.
Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
124 Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But *I* shall liue my Lord to giue them thankes,
128 That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
132 *Hast.* More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzars prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
136 The king is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
140 And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
What is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
144 *Glo.* Goe you before, and *I* will follow you. *Exit Hast.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence, With

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I.i.

With lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I fayle not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take K. Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bussell in:
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngest daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raigne,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.

I.ii.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable Lord,
If honour may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes:
Loe, in those windowes that let foorth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse balme of my poore eyes.
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it,
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abrotiue be it,
Prodigeous and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.

If

If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are awearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King Henries coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corſe, & ſet it down.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
Gen. My L. ſtand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint Paule Ile ſtrike thee to my ſoote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuel.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint, for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with curſing cryes, and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madeſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,

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Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke.
As thou doest swallow vp this good kings blood, 66
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
La. Villaine, thou knowst no law of God nor man: 70
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry. 74
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man, 78
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe. 82
La. Fouler then heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde, 86
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee. 90
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloodly faulchion smoking in his blood, 94
The which thou once didst bēd against her brest,
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slaunderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders. 98
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yee.

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102 *La.* Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
106 *La.* He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
110 *Glo.* Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill rest beside the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
114 *Glo.* I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
118 Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
122 Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest one houre in your sweet bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
126 These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
130 So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Black night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
134 *Glo.* It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him that slew my husband.
138 *Glo.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His

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La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he lives that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was he? 142
Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere. *She spitteth at him.*
Why dost thou spit at mee?
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake. 146
Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,
Out of my sight, thou dost infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweet Lady haue infected mine. 150
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Those eies of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops: 155
I neuer sued to friend nor enemie, 158
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee:
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made 172
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in true this bosome, 176
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pause, twas I that kild your husband, 180
But twas thy beautie that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall*
Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *the sword.* 184
La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
La. I haue alreadie.

188 *Glo.* Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue:
192 To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
196 *Glo.* Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made:
La. That shall you know hereafter.
200 *Glo.* But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
204 *Glo.* Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine:
And if thy poore suppliant may
208 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse forseuer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes,
212 To him that hath more cause to be a mourner:
And presently repaire to Crosbie place.
Where after I haue solemnely enterred
At Chertsie Monastarie this noble King,
216 And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duetie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone.
220 *La.* With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Bartley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
224 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already. *Exit.*

Glo.

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Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse.
Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord?
Glo. No: to White-Fryers: there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I? that kild her husband & her father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:
With curses in her mouth teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Having God, her conscience, and these barres against me,
And I nothing to backe my suite withall
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?
Hath she forgot already that brauе Prince
Edward, her Lord, whom I some three months since
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will shee yet debase her eyes on me,
That crept the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whose aknot equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a Looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adore my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shaddow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, ther's no doubt his maiestie
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
4 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
8 *Qu.* The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Grey. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
12 Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Glocester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
16 But so it must be if the king miscarrie, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.
20 *Qu.* The Countesse Richmond good my Lo. of Darby
To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assurde
24 I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
28 Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From way ward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
32 Came from visiting his maiestie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speaketh cheerfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
36 *Buc.* Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocester and your brothers.
And betwixt them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Glocester.*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such discentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewde complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glocester, you mistake the matter:
The king of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouoke by any suter else,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kinred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad.
That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you.

Our

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
80 Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
84 From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
88 My Lord, you do me shamefull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
92 *Ren.* She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
96 And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marrie may she.
Riu. What marry may she?
100 *Glo.* What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worser match.
Q. My L. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
104 Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,
108 Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
112 Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
115 I will auouch in presence of the King:
117 Tis time to speake, my paynes are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu.Mar. Out dinel, I remember them too well,
Thou sleweſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxburie. 120
Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne. 124
Qu.Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancanster: 128
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons slaine?
Let me put in your minde, if yours forget
What you haue bene ere now, and what you are: 132
Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.
Qu.Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Ieſu pardon.) 136
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards, 140
Or Edwards soft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Q.M. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world.
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is. 144
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in those busie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we you, if you should be our king. 148
Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q.M. As litle ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries king, 152
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A litle ioy enioyes the Queene therof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse. 156

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
160 Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
164 *Glo.* Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
168 That will I make, before I let thee goe:
170 A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
174 *Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
178 Steept in the bloud of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounst against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
182 *Qu.* So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
186 *Dorf.* No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu. Mar. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
190 And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
194 Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
198 As our by murder, to make him a king.

Edward

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales.
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, 202
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to wailе thy childrens loss,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine: 206
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
And so was thou Lo. Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off. 214
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Q.M. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt hear me
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee: 218
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule, 222
Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends.
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame 226
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou elouish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell, 230
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.
Glo. Margaret.
Qu.M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
Qu.M. I call thee not. 234
Glo. Then I crie thee mercie, for I had thought

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Thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why so I did, but lookt for no reply.
238 O let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (selfe.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your
Q.M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-
242 Why strewst thou sugar on that boiled spider, (tune:
Whose deadly web insnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,
246 To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunchbackt toade,
Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
250 *Ri.* Were you well serv'd you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To serue me well, you all should do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:
O serue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.
254 *Dorf.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.
Q.M. Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
258 What t'were to loose it and be miserable:
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces.
Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
262 *Dorf.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
266 *Q.M.* And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darknesse foulded vp:
270 Your aierie buildeth in our airies neast.
O God that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, lost be it so.
Buck. Haue done for shame if not for charitie.
274 *Q.M.* Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me.

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still liue my sorrowes rage. 278
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house, 282
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre. 286
Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, & when he bites, 290
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, & hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him. 294
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Q. Mar. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And soothe the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell, 298
O but remember this an other day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate, 302
And he to you, and all of you to Gods *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shee's at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother, 306
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong. 310
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

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He is frnkt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So do I euer being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Cat. Madame his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt. ma. Clo.*
Glo. I do the wrong, and first began to braule,
The secret mischiefe that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeede haue laid in darkenesse:
I do beweepe to many simple guls:
Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckinham,
And say it is the Queene, and her allies
That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuenged on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euil:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, stolne out of holy writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the Diuell.
But soft heere comes my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy stout resolued mates,
Are ye now going to dispacth this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But sirs, be sudden in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: do not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you mark him,
Exe. Tush, feare not, my L. we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vse our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

I.iii.

Glo. Your eies drop millstones, when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you Lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

I.iv.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day?
Cla. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismall terror was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Methoughts I was imbarkt for burgundie,
And in my company my brother Glocester,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought that Glofter stumbled, and in stumbling
Stroke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, methought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyse of waters in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eyes:
Methought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which woed the slimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Bro. Had you such leasure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
Cla. Methought I had: for stil the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie vast and wandring ayre,

But

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40 But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
44 O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
48 The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
52 And ſo he vaniſht: then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
56 That ſtabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
60 Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
64 *Bro.* No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
68 For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
73 I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good reſt,
76 Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
80 And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's

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There's nothing differs but the outward fame. 83

The murtherers enter. <

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither? 86

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither on (my legs.

Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe? 88

2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better be briefe then tedious,

Shew him our commission, talke no more. *He readeth it* 92

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant thereby,

Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning: 96

Heere are the keyes there sits the Duke a sleepe:

Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,

That thus I haue resigned my place to you.

Exe. Do so, it is a point of Wisedome. 100

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?

1 No, then he will say twas done cowardly

When he wakes. 104

2. When he wakes,

Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.

1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping. 108

2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred

A kinde of remorse in me.

1 What, art thou afraid?

2 Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damd

For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs. 113

1 Backe to the Duke of Glosser, tell him so. < 118

2 I pray thee stay awhile, I hope my holy humour will

Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell xx

1 How doost thou feele thy selfe now? (in me,

2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with- 124

1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1 Where is thy conscience now? 130

2 In the Duke of Glosters purse.

1 So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,

Thy conscience flyes out.

2 Let it go, ther's few or none will entertaine it. 134

1 How if it come to thee againe?

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2 Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbrs wife but it detects
Him. It is ablushing shamefast spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fils one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.
1 Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.
1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?
1 Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my sword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmsey-but in the next
2 Oh, excellent deuice, make a scoope of him. (roome.
1 Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?
2 No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*
Cla. Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You shall haue wine enough, my Lo. anon.
Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?
2 A man, as you are.
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voyce is now the kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkely and how deadly doost thou spake?
Tell me who art you? wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me? *Am.* I.
Cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1 Offend

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I shall be reconcild to him againe. 184
2 Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuse me? 188
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning iudge, or who pronounst
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of law? 192
To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare blood shed for our greeuous sins
That you depart and lay no hands on me, 196
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the king.
Cla. Erronious Vassaile, the great King of Kings, 200
Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murther, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holds vengeance in his hands, 204
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.
2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too:
Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament 208
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster,
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that vow and with thy trecherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraignes sonne. 212
2 Whom thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.
1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?
Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed? 216
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I.
If God will be reuenged for this deede, 221
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme. 223

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
226 1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.
230 1 Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
234 If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Glocester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
238 2 You are deceiu'd your brother Glocester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
242 Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship.
Bid Glocester thinke of this and he will weepe.
246 *Am.* I, milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
Cla. O, do not slander him for he is kinde,
1 Right, as snow in harueſt, thou deceiuſt thy selfe,
250 Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
254 2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
258 To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah sirs, consider he that set you on
262 To do this deede, will hate you for this deede.

2 What

2 What shall we do? L.iv.

Cla. Relent and saue your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish. 263 < 264

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuellish.

My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes: 270

Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and entreate for me:

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not? 274

1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.* < 276

Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.

2 A bloudie deed, and desperately performd,

How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,

Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done. 280

1 Why doest thou not helpe me?

By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. 284 *Exit.*

1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall: 288

And when I haue my meed I must away,

For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c. II.i.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,

You peeres continue this vnited league,

I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence: 4

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:

Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue. 8

Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your king, 12

Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

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Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue bene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Hastings, I wil neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deeds of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire 58
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
T's death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreat peace of you, 62
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me, 67
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all: 68
I do not know that English man aliue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at odds,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie. 72
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech your maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace. 76
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniury to scorne his course. 80
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead; who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no one in this presence, 84
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did beare, 88
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in blood: 92
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspition. *Enter Derbie.*

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Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done.
96 *Kin.* I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst?
The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
100 Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue?
104 My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduisde?
108 Who spake of brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
112 When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said, deare brother, liue and be a king?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
116 Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himselfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
120 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vassailes
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defaste
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
124 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniustly too, must graunt it you:
But for my brother, not a mast would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
128 For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue bene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
132 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence.

Glo.

 II.i.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death. 136
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.* 139

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children. II.ii.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your (breast?
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne! 4
Girle. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much, 8
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loath to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost,
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead, 12
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect. 16
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well, 17
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot gesse who causde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Glocester 20
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him.
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke, 24
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he wold loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile, 28
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy. 32
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noise is this?

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Wh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
36 Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.
40 Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
44 That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.
Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
48 As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
52 Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
56 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
60 Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
64 *Gerl.* Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
68 All springs reduce their currents to mine eies.
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

Ambo.

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Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. Clarence. 72
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qu. What staie had I but Edward, and he is gone?
Am. What staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?
Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone? 76
Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.
Am. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?
Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall: 80
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I: 84
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glester,* 88
Gl. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *with others.* 101
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do cry you mercie, 104
I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Dut. God blesse thee and put meeknes in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie. 108
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.
That's the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres, 112
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest for this king,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne: 116
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine, 120
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our king. 122

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II.ii.

Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt. manet Glo. Buck.*
Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince?
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

II.iii.

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth, 3 Then masters looke to see a troublous world.
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude, 28
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shall be well.
3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes. 32
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so, 36
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.
1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare. 40
3 Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boystrous storme: 44
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Duchess of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke. II.iv.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be here.
Duc. I long with all my heart to see the Prince, 4
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of York
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so. 8
Duc. Why my yong Cousin is is good to grow.
Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Clo. 12
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.

16 *Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
20 That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
24 I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let mee heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
28 That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
T'was ful two yeeres ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
32 *Yor.* Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
36 *Car.* Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
40 *Dor.* Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath commited them?
44 *Dor.* The mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
48 Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to iet,

Vpon

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Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane: 52
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld? 56
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles 60
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene, 64
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Q. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie, 66
Dut. Ile go along with you. 67
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My Gracious Ladie, go. 68
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours: 72
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. III.i.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne.
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way, 4
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit: 8
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous, 12
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
16 *Prin.* God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy daies
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all:
20 I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Ha.*
24 *Buck.* And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my L. what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
28 Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peenish course
32 Is this of hers? L. Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene the send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his princely brother presently?
If she dgnie, L. Hastings go with him,
36 And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne to Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
40 To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
44 *Buck.* You are too senceless obstinate my L.
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:
48 The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
52 And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

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Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now. 56
Car. My Lord, you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord. *Exeu. Car. & Hast.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie hast you 60
Say Vncle Glocester, if our brother come, (may.
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe.
If I my counsel you some day or two, 64
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please & shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Pri. I do not like the Tower of any place: 68
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious L. begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported 72
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age, 76
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so yong, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle? 80
Glo. I say, without Characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man, 84
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life: 88
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buck. What my gratious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

92 Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a king.
Glo. Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.
Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
96 *Prin.* Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lo: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
100 Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.
Glo. How fares our cousen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:
104 The Prince my brother hath outgrowne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
108 *Glo.* He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little cousen, with all my heart.
112 *Prin.* A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my cosen.
116 *Yor.* A greater gift? O thats the sword to it.
Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.
Yor. O than I see you wil part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
120 *Glo.* It is too weightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as as you call me.
124 *Glo.* How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
128 *Yor.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Because that I am litle like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons, 132
To mitrigate the scorne he giue his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so yong is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along? 136
My selfe and my good cousen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you goe vnto the tower my Lo? 140
Prin. My Lord Protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my vncle Clarence angry ghost: 144
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead,
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare. 148
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Hast. Dorf. manet, Rich. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother, 152
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe. 156
Buc. Well let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart,
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way: 160
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make William L. Hastings of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile? 164
Catesb. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buc. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?

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III.i.

168 *Cat.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
171 Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected
175 Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels,
180 Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
184 And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
188 *Glo.* Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At Crosby place, there shall you find vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue
192 William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, somewhat we will do,
And looke when I am King claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the mooueables,
196 Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
200 We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*

III.ii.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mes. A messenger from the L. Stanley. *Enter L. Hast.*
4 *Hast.* Whats a clocke?
Mes. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?
Mes. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First

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First he commends him to your noble Lordship. 8
Hast. And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night the Beare had raste his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two councels held, 12
And that may be determind at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lorships pleasure:
If presently you will take horse with him, 16
And with all speed post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hast. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the separated councels: 20
His Honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence. 24
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs, 28
Were to incense the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower, 32
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.
Mes. My gracious Lord, I le tell him what you say. *Exit.*
Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring, 36
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer stand vpright
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme. 40
Hast. Who? weare the Garland? doest thou meane the (Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Hast. I le haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplaste: 44
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

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Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
48 And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
52 Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards side,
To barre my masters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
56 *Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maisters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
60 I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.
64 *Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrours, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and so twill doo
68 With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
72 For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do, and I haue well deserued i.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare and goe so vnprouided?
76 *Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may iest on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like these seuerall councels I.
80 *Hast.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
84 I would be so tryumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

And

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And indeede had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecast, 88
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?
Ha. I go: but stay: heare you not the newes? 92
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Standley, & Cat.* 96
Ha. Go you before, Ile follow presently.
Enter Hastings a Pursuant.
Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask.
Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now, 100
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe) 104
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Hast. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.
He giues him his purse.
Pur. God saue your Lordship. *Exit Pur. Enter a Priest.* 108
Hast. What sir Iohn you are well met, 111
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whis-* 113
Enter Buckingham. *(pers in his eare.*
Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a 114
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest: (Priest:
Your Honour hath no shriuing worke in hand. 116
Hast. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay. 120
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.
Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buc. And supper too, although thou knowst it not:

Come

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III.ii.

Come shall we goe along? *Exeunt.*

III.iii.

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.
Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duetie, and for loyaltie.
Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.
Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fatall and dominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.
Ri. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.
Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

III.iv.

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?
Der. It is, and let but nomination.
Bish. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.
Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should sooneſt know
Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lord

Lor. Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.
Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation 16
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuerd
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice, 20
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.
Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke himselfe.
Enter Glester.
Glo. My noble L. and cousens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now *I* hope 24
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part: 28
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.
Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
Hast. *I* thanke your grace.
Glo. My L. of Elie. 32
Bish. My Lord.
Glo. When *I* was last in Holborne,
I sawe good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Bish. I goe my Lord. 36
Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent, 40
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*
Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph, 44
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well prouided
As else *I* would be were the day prolonged.
Enter the Bishop of Elie.
Bi. Where is my L. Protector, *I* haue sent for these straw- (berries. 48

Hast. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
52 When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesser hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
56 *Dar.* What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he showed to day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewen it in his face.
60 *Dar.* I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Glester.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue prouaild
64 Vpon my bodie with their hellish charmes?
Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whosoeuer they be:
68 I say my Lord they haue deserued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitch'd, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling, withered vp.
72 This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
76 *Glo.* If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tell'st thou me of ifs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
80 Vntill I see the same, some see it done:
Thou'rt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Hast.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
84 Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

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As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house. 88
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuiuant.
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered, 92
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauy curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.
Cat. Dispatch my Lord the Duke would be at dinner: 96
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire looks, 100
Lives like a drunken Sayler on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe. 103 <
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head, 108
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*

III.v.

Enter Duke of Glester and Buckingham in armor.

Glo. Come cosen, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror. 4
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pre on every side: 6 <
Intending deepe suspition, gastly lookes 8
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.* 11 <
Glo. Here comes the Maior. 13
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. L. Maior. 14
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there. 15
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you. 16
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles. 17
Buc. Harke, *I* heare a drumme. 18
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies. 19
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs. 20
Glo. G, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. 21

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
24 *Glo.* So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
Made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
28 The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
32 He laid from all attainder of suspect. (traitor
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
36 Or almost beleeue, were not by great preseruatiō
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.
40 *Mayor.* What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
44 But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
48 And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.
52 *Clo.* Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
56 Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto

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Vnto the Citizens, who happily may 60
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. My good L. your Graces word shall serue
As well as I had seene or heard him speake,
And doubt you not right noble Princes both, 64
But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.
Glo. And to that end we wisht your Lordship
To auoid the carping censures of the word. (here, 68
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, Cousen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.* 72
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meerest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen, 76
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie, 80
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll lusted to make his prey: 84
Nay for a need thus farre come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had warres in France, 88
And by iust computation of the time
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father: 92
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my mother liues.
Buc. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade 96
Were for my selfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

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III.v.

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth, and so my L. farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order *Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sighe,
And to giue notice that no manner person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

III.vi.

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.
This is the Indictment of the good L. Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engross'd
That it may be this day read ouer in Paule:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued L. Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why, who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

III.vii.

Enter Glocester at one doore Buckingham at another.
Glo. How now my L. what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of out Lord,
The Citizens are mummie, and speake not a word.
Glo. Touchd you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde.
Lay'd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedom in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch'd, or slieghtly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bid them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me, 24
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them: (lence?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull si- 28
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd: 32
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps.
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King Richard: 36
Thankes loving Citizens and friends quoth I, 38
This generall applause and loving shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they not 42
Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speake?
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Maior is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie feare: 46
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request: 50
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue. 54
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what sayes he? 58
Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He

He is within with two reuerend Fathers,
62 Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suite would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord again,
66 Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some cōference with his grace.
70 *Cat.* Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
74 Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
78 Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the soueraigntie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
82 *Buc.* I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What sayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
86 His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
90 By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
94 So sweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.
Maior. See where he stands between two Clergy men.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince,
97 To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

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Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince, 100
Lend fauourable eares to my request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie, 104
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure? 108
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.
Cla. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgratious in the Cities eyes, 112
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherfore breath I in a Christian land? 116
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame Seare, the Throne maiesticall,
The Sceptred office of your Auncestors, 119
The lineall glory of your royall House, 121
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countryes good: 124
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with stars of infamie, 126
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph, 128
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recure we heartily solicite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignetie thereof, 131
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute, 133
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends, 138
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suite come I to moue your Grace.

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Gh. I know not whether to depart in silence.
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
148 Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
154 Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request.
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crowne,
158 As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my poueritie of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
162 Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse coueted to be hid.
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there's no need for me,
166 And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie;
170 And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring fro him.
174 *Buc.* My lord, this argues cõscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
178 So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterward by substitute betrothed
182 To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining, and distressed widowe,
186 Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

To

To base declension and loathed bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got, 190
This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some alite
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue: 194
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke, 198
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you. 201
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute. 203
Glo. Alas, why would you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I do beseech you take it not amisse, 206
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tenderness of heart, 210
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our sute or no, 214
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you. 218
Come Citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more.
Clo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Cat. Call them again, my Lord, and accept their sute.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, least all the land do rew it. 222
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule. 226
Cosen of Buckingham, and you sage grauemen,

III.vii.

Since your will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
230 I must haue patience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
234 From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
238 *Glo.* In saying so you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Mai. Amen.
242 *Buc.* To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
244 *Buc.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
246 *Glo.* Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

IV.i.

Enter Queene mother, Duchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Duchesse of Glocester at another doore.

1 *Dut.* Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?
7 *Qu.* Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dut.Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.
Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.
12 And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieuetenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
16 I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straighely charged the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
20 *Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me?

I am

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I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.
Duk. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother: 24
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I do beſeech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it. 28
Enter Lord Standiſh.
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter, 32
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound
With this dead killing newes. 36
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace? 38
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, goe croſſe the ſeas, 42
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſe, 46
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time.
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne, 50
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.
Duk. Yor. O ill diſpearſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death, 54
A Cocatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſte was ſent for.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingneſſe will goe, 58
I would to God that the incluſiue verge
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,

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Were red hotte steele to sear me to the braine,
62 Annointed let me with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore soule, *I* enuie not thy glory,
To sode my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
66 *Dut.Glo.* No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as *I* followed Henries corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
70 And that dead saint, which then *I* weeping followed,
O, when *I* say, *I* lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth *I* accurst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
74 And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee.
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
78 Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crosly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of my owne soules curse,
82 Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
86 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more the from my soule *I* mourne for yours.
90 *Qu.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glorie.
Dut.Glo. A due poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.
Du.Yor. Go thou to Richmõd, & good fortune guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
94 Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eighte olde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
97 And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham, 1
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth* 3
Thus high by thy aduice *throne.*
And thy assistance is King Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honors for a day?
Or shall they last, and wee rejoyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.
King.Ri. O Buckingham, now I do play the touch, 8
To trie if thou be current gold indeed:
Yong Edward liues: think now what *I* would say.
Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.
King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be king. 12
Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned liege.
King. Ha: am I king? 'tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter consequence, 16
That Edward still should liue true noble Prince.
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly, be brieffe. 20
Buc. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die? 24
Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuely speake herein:
I will resolue your Grace immediately.
Cat. The king is angry, see, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles, 28
And vnrespective boyes, none care for me
That looke into me with considerate eyes:
Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect. 31
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold 34
Would

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Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with yon?
Dar. My Lord, I heate the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom *I* wil marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and *I* feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: *I* say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but *I* am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. *I*ames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir.

Tir. Prouo me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine? 70
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs, 74
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone I le rid you from the feare of them. 78
King. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrill,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too. 82
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrel, ere we sleepe?
Enter Buckingham.
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind, 86
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. *Stanly* he is your wiues sonnes. Wel looke too it. 90
Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse. 94
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?
King. As I remember, *Henry* the sixt 98
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord. 102
King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldome.
King. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter, 106
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle.

IV.ii.

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

IV.iii.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne
To do thir ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſhe villains, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuel: there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The

The most replenished sweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes, All haile my sou eraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happinesse, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didst thou see them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me Tirrell soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.
The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
Kin. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pac't beggery,

IV.iii.

Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Loue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
56 Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

IV.iv

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
4 To watch the wainingof mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall.
8 Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire
12 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
16 Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
22 *Qu.* Wilt thou O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Qu. Ma. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet sonne.
Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
27 Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
30 Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
34 O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice 17
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumbe. 18
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? 19
Q.Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuerent, 35
Giue mine the benefit of signorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him: 40
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Du. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kil him: 44
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpst to kill him.
Q.Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, til Richard kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death, 48
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke, 51
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues, 54
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone. 58
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q.Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for reuenge
And now I cloie me with beholding it: 62
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse: 66
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues, 70
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,

Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
74 Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
78 That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
82 *Q.Mar.* I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
86 One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
90 To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in least, onely to fill the scene:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
94 Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peere: that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
98 For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
101 For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
104 For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
102 For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
105 Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
110 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance, 114
These English woes, will make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q.Mar. Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day, 118
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse, 122
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q.M. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.* 126
Qu. Windie attornies to your client woes,
Aierie succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart 130
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Dut. If so, then be not toong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered: 134
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe, 138
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne, 142
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut.

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Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And little Ned Plantaget, his sonne?
141 *Qu.* Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
148 *King.* A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women.
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
152 Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.
156 *Dut.* Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
158 Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
160 *Dut.* I will be milde and gentle in my speech.
King. And briefe good mother, for I am in haste.
Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
164 *King.* And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
168 Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
171 Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
173 What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that eald your grace
To breakfast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your sight,
178 Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
179 *Dut.* O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see the more.
180 *King.* Come, come, you are too bitter.
183 *Dut.* Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
186 And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

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Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou weart,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight, 190
And there the litle soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will be thy end, 194
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you. 198

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues. 202

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie, 206
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter.
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter. 210

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Q. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers. 214

Kin. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny, 218
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life. 220

K. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile 236
As I intend more good to you and yours, (armes,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good? 240

King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
244 The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
248 *King.* Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
252 Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
256 *Qu.* My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
260 And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
264 *Qu.* Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canst thou wooe her?
268 *King.* That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
272 A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
274 Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlans blood,
278 And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle Clarence,

Her

Her vncle Riuers, yes, and for her sake 282
Madest quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
Kin. Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance. 287
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre. 343
Kin. Say that the king which may command intreats.
Q. That at her hands which the kings king forbid.
King Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth. 348
King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last? 352
Kin. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.
Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraigntie. 356
King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my loiuing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile. 360
Kin. Madame, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake. 363 365
King. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne,
Qu. Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.
King. I sweare by nothing. 368
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:
The Garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie.
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeue, 372
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.
King. Now, by the world.

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonord.
King. Then by my selfe.
376 *Qu.* Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:
If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
380 Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
384 And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,
386 Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.
387 *King.* By the time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by the past wrongd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtred,
392 Vngouernd youth, to wayle it in their age.
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
396 Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repene,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
399 Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
401 Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
406 In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her, followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine, and decay,
410 It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

There-

Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene, 414
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Deuill thus? 418
King. I, if the deuill tempt thee to do good.
Qu Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children. 423
Kin. But in your daughters wombe, I burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will? 426
King. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly. 428
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell *Exit Qu.* 430
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.* 431
Rat. My gracious soueraigne, on the Westerne coast, 433
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe: 436
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff. 440
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury, 443
When thou comest there: dull vnmindful villaine
Why standst thou stil, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your minde, 446
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true, good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at Salisburie. 450
Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure I shal do at Salisbury 452, 3
Kin. Why what wouldst thou do there before I go?

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Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should post before.
456 *King.* My minde is changd sir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.
460 *Kin.* Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the seas.
464 *King.* There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Da. I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse.
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
468 *Da.* Stord vp by Dorset, Buckingham and Elie,
He makes for Englād, there to claime the crowne.
Kin. Is the Chayre emptie? is the sword vnswaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpossest?
472 What heire of Yorke is there alive but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.
476 *King.* Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
480 *King.* Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conductiug the rebels from their shippes.
484 *Dar.* No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Kin. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they should serue, their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie soueraigne
488 Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please.
Kin. I, I, thou wouldst be gone to ioine with Richmond,
492 I will not trust you Sir.
Dar. Most mightie soueraigne, You

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You haue no cause, to hold my friendship doubefull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
Kin. Well, go muster men: but heare you, leaue be hinde 496
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit, Dar.*
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. My Gracious soueraigne, now in Deuonshire, 500
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes. 504
Enter another Messenger.
Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and still their power increaseth.
Enter another Messenger.
Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham. 508
He striketh him.
King. Out on you owles, nothing but songes of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of watter, 512
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is dispersst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him: 516
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?
Mes. Such proclamatiō hath bin made my liege.
Enter another Messenger.
Mes. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorset, 520
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Britaine Nauie is dispersst, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore, 524
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them, 528
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittaine.

King.

IV.iv.

King. March an, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
532 Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
536 Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
540 To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

IV.v.

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
4 If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Hertford-west in Wales.

8 *Dar.* What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
12 Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

16 *Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

V.i.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
4 Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

If

V.i.

If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doomesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determinde respit of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the sword of wicked men
To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame.
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the deaw of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

V.ii.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most loiuing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your summer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,

V.ii.
16 By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
20 3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
24 Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

V.iii.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why looke st thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
4 *King.* Norffolke, come hither:
5 Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
8 But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
12 Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs surucy the vantage of the field,
16 Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seare,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
22 Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
20 The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
32 Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest:
Where is Lord Stanly quatterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much, Which

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Which well I am assur'd I haue not done, 36
His regiment lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Good captain Blunt beare my good night to him, 40
And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it. 42
Rich. Farewell good Blunt. 44
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent, 23
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell, 24
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge, 25
And part in iust proportion our small strength: 26
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes business, 45
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold. 46
Enter R. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby.
King. What is a clocke?
Cat. It is sixe of the clocke, full supper time.
King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my beuer easier then it was? 50
And all my armor laid into my tent?
Cat. It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse.
King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell. 54
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stir with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie. 58
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night. 62
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy Ratliffe. 66
Rat. My Lord.
King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe.
Much about Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe 70

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Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.
King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
74 Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe. Is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
78 And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
82 Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
86 And flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
90 Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
94 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Left being seene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time,
98 Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
102 Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Left leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
106 When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,

Looke

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Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath, 110
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victorie, 114
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. sonne to Henry the sixt.

Ghost to. K. Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow, 118
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesbury: dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerefull Richmond, for the wronged soules
Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe, 122
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Gho. to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die. 126
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and florish. 130

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me, 134
And fall thy edgeless sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and florish. 138

Enter the Ghoast of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare 142
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

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All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
145 Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

146 *Gho.* Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Think on L. Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Quiet vnroubled soule, awake, awake,
150 Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

151 *Gho. to K.R.* Dreame on thy cousins smoothred in the (Tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
154 Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
158 Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

159 Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
164 To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
168 The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds & death,
172 Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
176 And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame. O Coward

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O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murthred
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratlisse.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratliffe, my Lord, tis I: the early village cocke
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night Haue

Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
220 Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.
224 *Rich.* Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.
Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt boding dreames,
228 That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
232 I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
238 *Rich.* Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, loueing countrymen, (*His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, (*his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
240 God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
244 Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raiſde in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
248 One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaugtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the ſoile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
252 One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe, You

You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine, 256
If you do fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors: 260
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing swords 264
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpes on the earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof, 268
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

Kin. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes. 272
King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke striketh.* 276
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to somebodie Rat. 280
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seene to day.
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground, 284
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field. 288
King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanly, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,

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And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
282 Iohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
300 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
304 *Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,*
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
308 Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe.
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
312 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd? *his Armie.*
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
316 A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey pesants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
320 You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
324 Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow?
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
328 Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues. If

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V.iii.

If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpe,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lye with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum.
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth denie to come.
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.

V.iv.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of Norfolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*
Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field.
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

V.v.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crowne, with other Lords.

Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.
Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee, Lo

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Loe here this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in Lester Towne,
Whither if it please you we may now withdrawe vs.
Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Water Lord Ferris, sir Robert Brokenbury, & sir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction.
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers bloud.
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, bene butcher to the sire.
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudie dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taste this lands encrease,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say *Amen.*

FINIS.

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